

affairs.
heard of
t them.
by the
they do
as when
ble, the
1. The
probable
arbitrary
science

ally and
s a para-
He may
n all the
children
ch of his
Julius

glish are
distinguished
ers used
dined at
ut before
tained a
gaged to
repaired
are that,
e content
as of the
advanced
ing that
He was
than his
together
ever me.
ceived it
cence was
y to find
diality of
o climate,
enjoyable
g to going
l my visit
d also to
epared to
nd I left
n. I met
the duke.
English-
my own
ome of the
that the
invention.
any man.
s, and he
*The Quar-
t.*"

1831, at
Duke of
s Reform
threatened
Mr. Gleig,
London,
o Walmer
g so either
these cases
ty to pro-
ing under
for their
secret in-
e forward
There is a
all sorts of
ermants do
nation? I
which I sent
set off to
y. I sus-
ome rather
Ever yours

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Couper.*



THE STORY INTERRUPTED BY MISS STIFFENS.

IDONEA.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was a fresh and glorious world—
A banner bright that shone unfurled
Before me suddenly.

I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

—*Wordsworth.*

WHEN Madame Ronda received Idonea's letter, she was too ill to read it herself, and she there-
No. 1503.—OCTOBER 16, 1880.

fore asked Mrs. Keene to read it to her. She had been for some days in a state of hopeless apathy, which, the doctor said, was as much mental as physical. She had shed no tears, and although she appeared to be much engaged in prayer, had evinced no anxiety respecting her situation. She was, indeed, past that. At the doctor's instigation, and by Percy's instrumentality, her children were sent to an orphanage for a few weeks. But she did not even ask for them. Once assured that they were happy and well cared

PRICE ONE PENNY.

for, she made no more inquiries. Idonea's letter roused her. When Mrs. Keene began to read it, she lay, at first, with closed eyes; but when it evolved that Mrs. Dooner asked her to take an engagement for a few weeks, her eyes opened.

"If I could do this, I would pay you," she breathed.

As Mrs. Keene read on, and began Idonea's description of her "bonnie North Country," her lips quivered, and a slight sob escaped her. When animated details of the house in which Idonea sojourned, and to which she was invited, followed, she listened eagerly, and even made an effort to rise.

"Where is Miss Umfreville? I thought she was at home?" asked Madame Ronda with difficulty.

"She is with Mrs. Dooner and her family at a place called Heronhill," replied Mrs. Keene.

"Give me the letter," muttered Madame Ronda, striving to sit up.

Mrs. Keene was alarmed by her agitated manner, and putting her arm round her to support her, held the letter before her.

"Thank you. I will keep the letter. The freshness and kindness have done me good. But I am too ill to go. Will you say so for me, dear Mrs. Keene?"

"Yes; but you may recover, with God's help," replied that good woman.

Madame Ronda pressed her hand as she took the letter, but made no answer. Then she lay back again, with closed eyes, and Mrs. Keene saw that there was a large tear on her wan cheek.

"Shall I read to you?" asked the latter, after an interval of silence.

"No, thank you. Let me talk while I can," she rejoined, in a low and broken voice. "If any one—who—once knew me—Mrs. Gore, I mean—saw me now—do you think they—would—recognise me?"

"I can scarcely tell, not having seen you when you were well," said Mrs. Keene.

"I am changed, I know. But Idonea cannot come. She has—a brother—a clergyman. Would he—come—do you think?"

"I am sure he would. I hear he is a hard-worker and refuses no one. Shall I ask him to visit you?"

"Yes; but not to-day. I—I am not prepared."

Here Mrs. Keene was called away, and Madame Ronda left alone for a time.

She continued apparently impassive, holding the letter in her hand. Her eyes looked unnaturally large, owing to the emaciation of her cheeks, but she was handsome still. The bands of black hair, with their threads of silver, contrasted with the white forehead, and the expression of her face was softened. Indeed, slow tears moistened both eyes and cheeks.

"I cannot die alone," she murmured. "This is like a call from heaven."

She pressed the letter to her lips, and when Mrs. Keene returned she was asleep.

While the above was passing, Percy was seated at his desk, preparing his sermon. He, too, felt the hard pressure of the world, in spite of his faith and patience. He was oppressed by the misery and poverty by which he was surrounded, as well as by the consciousness of the low state of the family finances. He wanted a holiday sadly, but could not, at the moment, see his way to obtaining one. How was he to travel without money? How get even as far as Warkworth? He reproached himself for having

declined the country living once offered him, and then he reproached himself for his self-reproaches. Was he not labouring for his Master where the fields were thickest sown with wheat and tares? and was not the harvest continually coming in—crop on crop, both in summer and winter—miraculous growths of the Divine Fructifier?

Still, he could not write for visions of the material harvest, just then being gathered in amongst his native hills. He longed—he pined—for a breath of Northumbrian air and a canter over the Cheviots. But this thought recalled the young girl with whom, years ago, he had ridden that fatal ride, and for whose sudden disappearance he still unjustly blamed himself.

He laid down his pen to recall the face and manner of Clarina, and the hot tempers and warm, affectionate impulses he remembered but too well; and then he took it up again with an interjection and a sigh, to plunge into studies which were to supply the "words that burn" to a congregation over whose spiritual welfare his soul yearned. Still he could not write. Every street-cry seemed to strike like a sledge-hammer on his brain, and the noises through which he usually struggled bravely became mental stumbling-blocks that he was incapable of passing.

"Is my brain giving way after the fashion of the age?" he asked himself, as he laid down his pen in despair, placed his elbows on the table, ran his fingers through his hair, and pressed the skull that held the offending brain as hard as he could, as if to force it into shape. "Dr. Maskelyne said the other day that what with over-work and drink all the hospitals would soon be lunatic asylums."

While he was coming to this conclusion, Miss Stiffens entered unperceived. She stood a few moments, apparently examining that complex vessel in which his brain was seething, then startled him to observation by wading right into the current of his own thoughts.

"Well, sir, if you don't go out of your mind, my name's not Sarah Stiffens!" she said.

"That is just what I was thinking, Miss Stiffens," he replied, glancing up at the gaunt figure.

"Then all I can say is, 'tis your own fault, sir; and if I was making my will on my death-bed I'd say the same."

"For what reason, Miss Stiffens?"

"Because you worrit your wits just as if they were fleas, sir. Excuse the vulgar allusion. They're hopping here, there, and everywhere, from morning till night. Better be a costermonger than a parson, for people must keep their bodies going, and—you may think to the contrary—they'd as soon let their souls alone as not. Sooner, indeed!"

"I fear there is truth in what you say, Miss Stiffens, though I sometimes flatter myself I influenza them."

"That's when they want to get something out of you, sir. They'll tell a hundred lies for sixpence, and then go and drown their souls in gin with it; and I say the women are worse than the men. There's one below at this moment. I'll be bound with a tongue as glib as—as—"

"Yours, perhaps, Miss Stiffens? But why did you keep her waiting?"

"Because I'm in no hurry if she is, and I don't see why you are to be invaded just when you're writing your sermon. I told her you were engaged, and she said she wouldn't detain you, which is

what they all say, and keep you palavering for hours."

"Kindly show her up, Miss Stiffens. Perhaps she may give a turn to my ideas."

Miss Stiffens shrugged her shoulders, uplifted hands and eyes, and withdrew. She was succeeded by a woman who was neither ill-looking nor ill-dressed, and did not answer the description she had given of her. Still, Percy did not like her face. It was too bold and resolute, and, he feared, bore traces of that rouge and pearl powder with which he understood women of all grades of life were wont to disfigure themselves. He placed a chair for her near his table, and inquired her business.

"I come to ask about an advertisement purporting to say that the advertiser knows of something to the disadvantage of a Mrs. Gore," she said, laughing, and displaying fine white teeth.

"Are you Mrs. Gore?" asked Percy.

"I am Miss Clorinda Welborn," was the reply. "But as I owe the Gore family a grudge, I should like to hear of anything to their disadvantage."

Percy remembered Neville's interview with Miss Welborn, but was too shrewd to allude to it.

"The 'disadvantages' are two foreign children, likely to be left destitute. It is said that if Mrs. Gore could be found, she would perhaps take care of them," he explained.

Miss Welborn started.

"Who are they? Where are they?" she asked.

"They are in an orphanage at present. Of course they would not be given up until we are satisfied that the identical Mrs. Gore is forthcoming. If you can communicate with her, or give me her address, we could make inquiries."

"If I find her, what am I to tell her? How did you discover the children? What is their name, age, appearance?"

"I must reserve those particulars until Mrs. Gore herself appears. As you say of your own accord that you owe the Gore family a grudge, I should not be discreet to confide in you under those circumstances."

"I assure you I am quite respectable."

"I do not doubt that. I have heard your name."

"As an actress?"

"Yes."

"I understand you," said Miss Welborn, haughtily.

"About those children," she resumed, hastily. "Were they found alone? Who forsook them? If Mrs. Gore can be discovered, will she be allowed to see them?"

"If we can find Mrs. Gore, she will doubtless be permitted to see them," he said. "But I am not empowered to give information to any one else."

"At least you might tell me their names, so that Mrs. Gore need not be unnecessarily disturbed."

"Ronda," replied Percy, after a moment's hesitation.

"Ronda! Ronda!" she repeated, thoughtfully; "I never heard that name, and I question if Mrs. Gore is acquainted with it. Still, you are sure that it is something to her disadvantage?"

"Yes. But there are, probably, many Mrs. Gores."

"True, though it is not one of your Brown, Jones, and Robinson names. But I will find out, and come again, if you will allow me. If I could see the children, and learn something of their history, I should be more likely to help you. Do you come from the North, Mr. Umfreville?"

This sudden question startled Percy. His mind turned at once to Clarina, and he answered by a piercing glance of inquiry. But there was no trace of the bright young girl he remembered with tenderness in the defiant woman before him.

"Yes, I am from the North. Do you know any one of my name?" he said, quietly.

"No; but I have heard it somewhere," she rejoined.

She rose to go. Percy asked for her address, but she declined to give it, saying that she would call again. Then, as if by some sudden impulse, she said,

"Do you chance to know anything of Mr. Gore?"

"I am not acquainted with any one of that name," he replied; "but, perhaps, if we find the wife, the husband may also appear."

"That does not follow," she returned, with a scornful laugh.

Percy expressed his willingness to be of service to her.

"Thank you. I have heard you are a good man," she replied, and, bowing, took her leave.

CHAPTER XXXII.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered by foul wrong.

—Whittier.

"WILL you darken the room, dear Mrs. Keene? This autumn sun is hot. I suppose the harvest is being gathered in amongst the hills where Idonea lives. If only I were there!"

Madame Ronda seemed a shade better, and took more interest in outward things. As Mrs. Keene drew down the thick green blind that served, not only to darken but to cool, she inquired for her children.

"They are well cared for," replied Mrs. Keene. "I am trying to trace Mrs. Gore for their sake and yours."

"If you find her when I am gone, tell her I forgive her. But I would rather not see her. Is he coming?"

The "he" was Percy, who having been apprised of Madame Ronda's wish to see him, had appointed that afternoon. He arrived almost immediately, and Mary came to call Mrs. Keene to him. During her short absence Madame Ronda lay motionless, and when she re-appeared, followed by Percy, she neither moved nor spoke. Mrs. Keene placed a chair near the head of her bed for Percy, and left them. The room was so dark that he could not discern her features, and saw only a white face, bands of black hair, and two wan clasped hands. Neither spoke for a few seconds, but Percy broke the silence.

"I fear you are very ill," he said, in his sweet, kind voice.

"I scarcely know," she whispered in reply. "But your sister spoke to me often of you."

"And to me of you," rejoined Percy. "I am glad you sent for me. May I read to you?"

She assented with the sound rather of a suppressed sob than an affirmative.

He read a portion of the Service for the Sick, then knelt in prayer. She neither joined nor responded, but covered her eyes with her thin hands and sobbed.

When he re-seated himself, and began to discourse quietly on "The Hope set before her," her tears flowed copiously, and her agitation calmed.

"Thank you. You have done me good," she murmured.

"Perhaps I had better go now, and come again to-morrow," he said, striving to see her features through the green gloom.

"Not yet—not yet. Tell me of your sister," she replied, almost with energy.

"She is in the North with the Dooners. She went home, but Lina was ill and wanted her, and my mother consented to her paying them a visit."

"She writes of their place. Why did they go there? How did they get it?"

"They either rent it, or have purchased it, of its owner, Mr. Fairborn."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes. He was once my pupil. But I think I had better leave you now."

Percy feared the effects of conversation on one so weak, and was about to rise, when she laid her hand on his arm.

"Yet one word. That pupil? Is he like you? Is he good? married? happy? But why should I ask? Yes, you had better go; but will you come again to-morrow?"

He took the thin hand and promised to return; then he pronounced the blessing and left her. Her eyes followed him until he vanished, and then she folded her hands and lay as still as death.

Thus Mrs. Keene found her, and thus she continued till evening, when she appeared to revive.

Percy was moved and interested by the interview. There was something in the low, suppressed, agitated voice that affected him, and when once more striving to complete that interrupted sermon, he found himself thinking of Madame Ronda.

The evening brought Miss Clorinda Welborn.

"I have discovered Mrs. Gore," she said. "She is not so desirous as one might suppose of finding something to her disadvantage; but she has no objection to my finding it for her. She does not know the name of Ronda, still, as she has been mentioned in connection with the children, she empowered me to see them, and describe them to her."

Miss Welborn produced a note signed "E. Gore," which gave her permission to see the children known by the name of Ronda, and to make inquiries concerning them, in the place of Mrs. Gore.

"Have you seen Mrs. Gore?" asked Percy.

"Yes, and as she is my oldest acquaintance—friend I cannot call her, for she has never proved herself such—you may trust me to negotiate for her. She admits that there were children in whom she was once interested left in the charge of a lady, but her name was not Ronda."

"What was their name?"

"That she declines to give until she has ascertained whether they are forthcoming. She wishes me to have a private interview with them, and has communicated certain facts concerning them which would enable me to discover their identity."

"And yet you owe this lady a grudge?"

"Many! She has been my greatest enemy, and I hate her very name. But I love children, and so, indeed, does she. If these are the ones she knew abroad, she would probably relieve the orphanage of them, and either adopt them herself or place them under my charge. She is, however, anxious to know what has become of the—the person who had the care of them."

"I can give no further particulars until she has

identified the children, and proved herself the Mrs. Gore advertised for. I cannot even grant permission to you, as her representative, to see the children until I have again communicated with the authorities."

"When may I see the children? I promise to do them no harm. I thought orphanages were always open to inspection."

"If you will call to-morrow about this time, I shall hope to have the permission for you."

Miss Welborn appeared to be deep in thought, and Percy looked at her with curiosity and interest. He forgot the actress and her surroundings in the woman whose heart was open to the cry of children. Looking up suddenly, she said,

"You are from the North. Do you chance to know a Mr. Fairborn, who is, I believe, from Northumberland?"

"Yes. Are you acquainted with him?" asked Percy.

"I have seen him. He and some woman came to me to make inquiries concerning his sister. They took me for her double, I believe. Has he found his sister?"

"No, he is still searching for her."

"Strange! Everybody is in search of something. If it is not gold, or pleasure, or love, it is a human something. Mr. Fairborn seeks his sister, you seek Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Gore seeks Mr. Gore—"

"And you?" asked Percy.

"I seek a livelihood, which is very hard to find in this Babylon. So do the poor ballet dancers and mountebanks you good people despise. So, I take it, do you, and find it as difficult to get in your black coat as we in our motley. We are all poor players at best."

Experienced as Percy was in human nature, he could not understand Miss Welborn, and perceived that she did not wish to be understood.

"We will discuss this again to-morrow," he said.

"To-morrow! The fool's paradise!" she replied, as Miss Stiffens entered, bearing a tray on which was Percy's tea.

In vain had he reprobed the appearance of the said tray at that particular hour, when he had visitors. It came, however, as an unmistakable hint that the guest might depart. Miss Welborn took it, and, with a glance at the Stiffens curl, wished Percy good evening.

"I hope you've done with that painted jade, sir," said Miss Stiffens, when she had banged the front door after Miss Welborn and returned to arrange the tray.

"She is coming again to-morrow," Miss Stiffens.

"Then I hope it'll be for the last time, or somebody else must open the door to her."

"I am quite ready to be my own footman, Miss Stiffens," which cruel cut silenced that severe spinster.

The following afternoon Percy communicated to Mrs. Keene the conversation he had held with Miss Welborn.

"Madame Ronda seems more composed to-day, and, if you can manage to introduce the subject, you might give her the particulars," remarked Mrs. Keene. "She must not be agitated, therefore I have not mentioned Mrs. Gore."

Percy found Madame Ronda still in a darkened room. She held out her hand, but did not speak.

After he had read and prayed with her, however, she seemed more inclined to open her mind.

"You are very good," she said, feebly. "I am a great sinner, and need forgiveness, not only of God, but man. I have been both sinned against and sinning. But I have had a hard life."

Percy spread before her earnestly the great truths of the Gospel, and pointed her to the only Saviour of the guilty—the one Hope of the penitent.

She said, humbly, that she had sought and found that Hope during her long illness.

"You have, perhaps, some earthly burdens that weigh down your soul?" he ventured to say.

"Many," she replied. "There are the children—and—" she paused.

He then told her, as quietly as he could, of his interview with Miss Welborn; and, finding that she listened calmly, he mentioned Mrs. Gore.

"Welborn! Welborn!" she repeated, "I cannot recall the name; but, if she knows Mrs. Gore, she had better see the children. She will surely take them if I die. And she—Mrs. Gore—can tell you all—better than I. My mind is bewildered."

She fixed her large eyes strangely upon Percy, but closed them when he tried to fathom them through the gloom.

"If you will confide in me, I will try to help you to find your friends, if you have any," he said.

"If I have any! I have none," she replied, bitterly. "I may confide in you, but not to-day. Tell me of your sister, of your home, of the Dooners, of your family, of Mr. Fairborn, of the Cheviots, of all that Idonea loved to talk about. How bonnie and fresh she was!"

Madame Ronda seemed inspired with new life. But it was only a passing breath, for, as he performed her request, she relapsed into silence. Like Idonea, he was ever eloquent on the subject of his home, and he described it at some length.

"And Heronhill, where your sister is?" she murmured.

"I have not seen it for many years," he said, and his tone changed; for he could never trust himself to recall that time when he last saw Clarina.

"I am faint and weary," she sighed.

"Then I will go; I have talked too much. I will come again when you wish."

"Nay, it is of no use. Let me die. Let me die."

Percy rang the bell, then waited till Mrs. Keene appeared. But death was no nearer than before; so he again left the sad woman to Mrs. Keene's soothing influence.

THE PHARAOH OF OUR OBELISK.

THOTHMES THE GREAT.

OF the four rulers of Egypt whose names are imperishably associated with Cleopatra's Needle, now happily set at rest on the Victoria Embankment, two are amongst the best known personages belonging to classical history. These are the royal beauty herself, the last of the Macedonian sovereigns of the country, and her conqueror at Actium, Augustus. Hence it is needless to say anything about them here, save, perhaps, a word or two as to their connection with the monument. Cleopatra's claim to the monolith is based on the popular appellation which it has brought with it from the African seaboard. It is, therefore, slight enough, especially since, even there, in the time of Pococke, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it seems to have been known as Pharaoh's rather than as Cleopatra's Needle, as the Arabs call every obelisk.

Still, unless the substitution of the female for the male name be due to some misunderstanding of this orientalism, there may after all be some faint whisper of truth in this echo of old Alexandrian gossip. It is certain that our obelisk, with its fellow still standing on the spot, once graced the Water Gate of the Alexandrian Cæsaræum, a temple credibly said to have been founded by Cleopatra for the worship of her lover, the deified Julius, in gratitude for his having owned himself the father of her infant son, Cæsarion. Hence it has been plausibly argued that she may very well have caused them to be brought from Heliopolis, where they were first set up, to add to the *éclat* of her new temple's foundation. It favours this supposition that there is reason to believe the Dictator's patent of legitimacy coincided in point of time with the fiftieth recurrence of the great trentenary festival by which the hieroglyphical in-

scriptions date their original inauguration. Of course Cæsar's assassination on the Ides of March, B.C. 44, changed everything in Cleopatra's plans, and it was left to Augustus to finish the Cæsaræum, and to set up the obelisks. The inscription in Greek and Latin, discovered by Mr. Waynman Dixon on a claw of one of the bronze crabs placed as supports beneath the four corners of the standing obelisk at Alexandria, says nothing, it may be remarked, about the emperor having removed the monoliths from Heliopolis. It simply records their re-erection, just nineteen centuries before they reached the Thames, in the eighth year of his reign (B.C. 23), as dated from the end of Cleopatra's, shortly before her death, Pontius being the architect who superintended the operation, and Barbarus prefect of Egypt. It is this epigraphic voucher, less shadowy than the Cleopatra tradition, as must be owned, which establishes our obelisk's title to be regarded as an indisputable monument of the Augustan age.

There remain the two Pharaohs; a third, who has scratched on the pair of obelisks his hitherto unidentified scutcheon, not being worthy of mention. They are Thothmes III, styled the Great, who having first reared them aloft before the temple of the Sun-god at Heliopolis, the On of the Bible, inscribed each side of both shafts, as well as each pyramidion, with his legends; and Sesostris, or Ramses II, also known as the Great, who two centuries and a half afterwards flanked on either side the original shaft inscriptions with his own royal names and titulature. The latter was the father of Menephtha, whom nearly all Egyptologists follow Manetho in making the Pharaoh of the Exodus. If we may trust the astronomical notes of time, to be spoken of hereafter, this identifica-

tion is simply impossible on chronological grounds alone, to say nothing of many other no less insuperable objections. Menephtha's reign ended B.C. 1184, an epoch to which no one would dream of lowering the date of the Biblical event.

Sesostris is the ideal Egyptian hero of the Greek and Roman writers from the father of history downwards. But that fact, for which he has largely to thank his notorious habit of surcharging with his own legends the monuments of his predecessors, gives him no better title to be called the Pharaoh of our obelisk than belongs to the royal nobody alluded to above. There is but one Pharaoh who owns this oldest of all the colossal obelisks now standing outside of Egypt, and that is Thothmes the Great. He is a revelation for which we have to thank modern hieroglyphical research. Of the monarch ranked by the best Egyptian historians of our day as the greatest of the conquering Pharaohs, and to whose fame Sesostris himself paid the homage of envy, barely a trace or two can be found in the whole range of classical tradition. Indeed, Pliny is the only strictly classical writer who speaks of him by name. He calls him Mesphres, which is a fairly Hellenised transcript of the Pharaoh's forename, Men-shpr-Ra. Pliny mentions him twice, each time spending on him just seventeen words. In the former of the two scraps of text the king is said to have reigned at the city of the Sun, Heliopolis, and to have been the first to erect to that god obelisks made of the flame-coloured granite of Syené, in imitation of his rays, being moved thereto, as was recorded in the inscription, by a dream. Since the now solitary Syenite obelisk, still standing at Matarish, the acknowledged site of Heliopolis or On, was set up by Usertasen I, many centuries before the reign of Thothmes, we have here a slip of the pen, on which no more need be said. In the other passage Mesphres is said to have quarried the pair, forty-two cubits in height, which, when Pliny wrote, fronted the harbour at Alexandria, and formed part of Cæsar's temple. Of course the reference is to Cleopatra's Needles, with whose measurement the forty-two cubits perfectly accord. Besides these two Plinian texts, there is one in Tacitus also, in which, although he does not name our Pharaoh, yet his hieroglyphical "Annals," formerly known as "The Statistical Tablet of Karnak," are very reasonably thought to be unmistakably described. It is where the historian is giving the general purport of the temple texts explained by the Theban hierophants to Germanicus, when that prince visited their city. "They read out," we are told, "the tributes imposed upon the nations, the weight in silver and gold, the number of the weapons and horses, and the gifts to the temples in ivory and incense, the quota of each people in corn and vessels, on a scale certainly not less magnificent than the Parthian empire or the Roman power imposes in our own days."

These "Annals" of Thothmes the Great were recorded in huge raised hieroglyphs on the sandstone-wall which girdled the granite sanctuary of Amen-Ra's temple at Karnak. Happily the inscriptions are for the most part still extant. They were first translated by Dr. Birch, of the British Museum—an astonishing feat for that time—which was some forty years ago. He has been revising his great work ever since, and his lead has been well followed by the late Vicomte De Rougé and other Egyptian scholars, especially by Brugsch-Bey. In the latter's "History of Egypt under the Pharaohs," the Ger-

man original of which was published a year ago, and of which a good English translation has lately appeared,* the reign of Thothmes III fills 96 pages out of 780 in all. Of this space about a third is devoted to the translation of the "Annals." They comprise fifteen campaigns, and cover twenty years of the reign, from the king's 22nd to his 42nd year. Other scarcely less important contemporary inscriptions of his are also very abundant.

The reign was a very long one. Thothmes the Great is thought to be the only Pharaoh the first and last day of whose tenure of the throne are both monumenally recorded. He succeeded his inglorious brother, Thothmes II, who seems to have reigned no more than a year and nine months, on the 4th of the Egyptian month Pachom, and he died as the sun was setting on the 30th of Phamenoth, in his 54th regnal year. A calculation, based on the concurrent evidence of three astronomical notes of time, ties the former of these two dates to the 7th of May, B.C. 1515, and the latter to the 21st of March, B.C. 1461. His active years, however, were preceded at first by a minority, and then by a period of transition. Thothmes II, who, as the editor of the "Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," Canon Cook, himself an eminent Egyptologist, elaborately argues, must have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus, left behind him a queen, who, according to the custom in Egyptian royal marriages, was also his sister, and consequently the sister of Thothmes III as well. Her ordinary name some respectable Egyptologists still read Hatasu, whilst others transliterate it Hasheps. She can be no other than the sister-queen whom Manetho calls Amenses, and, on a seal in the Louvre Museum at Paris, she is named Amen-sa. As queen-dowager she at first assumed regency only for her younger brother, Thothmes III, whose scutcheon, or royal ring, appears alone on a Semneh monument at the beginning of his second year. But she soon thrust him aside, and even banished him from court to the solitude of a temple at Buto, in the marshes of the Delta. His ambition she chafed here, as he bitterly complains, by refusing to confer upon him the smallest sacred dignity. As for herself, she usurped the royal style and titles, and substituting her own names for those of her deceased brother and husband on his monuments, dated her reign from the death of their father Thothmes I. What is stranger still, she went so far as to unsex herself, wear male attire, and even used masculine pronouns for feminine in speaking of herself in her inscriptions. The epitaphs of her state-officers keep up in the grave the same curious court grammar. The mythical tradition in Diodorus Siculus of an Amazon queen in Africa must be an echo of the fame of this Egyptian Semiramis. Not that she is known for her personal prowess in war. Yet were there nothing else, one enterprise at least which she set on foot would be enough to mark a daring and imperial mind, as well as the brilliancy of her sway. Prompted, as she said, by an oracle of the god Amen-Ra, at Thebes, she sent forth on a voyage of discovery a numerous fleet of thirty-oared and sail-rigged ships, to navigate the Red Sea, thread the dangerous Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, double the eastern horn of Africa, Cape Guardafui—"the frankincense-mountain rising in steps," as her

* "A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments." By Henry Brugsch-Bey. Translated from the German by the late Henry Danby Seymour, F.R.G.S. Completed and Edited by Philip Smith, B.A. London, John Murray.

inscriptions call it, exactly answering to its classical name, "the promontory of aromatics"—and to render tributary the Pount on the shores of the Indian Ocean.

The history of the expedition, which turned out a great success, is the subject of the only too fragmentary wall-paintings found amidst the ruins of the magnificent temple reared by the queen to Amen and Hathor at Der-el-Bahri, opposite Karnak, and on the terraced western bank of the Nile. The beehive-shaped huts of the natives, the Somali of those days, are seen built on piles in the shadow of cocoanut palms and frankincense-trees, in whose branches are seen rare birds, and at whose feet graze fine herds of cattle. The simple people of Pount, their prince Parihu at their head, with his repulsively obese spouse riding by his side on an ass, at once pay homage to the Pharaoness. The Egyptian ambassador, surrounded by his guard of honour, receives the golden chains and rings, as well as their axes and daggers, and in return feasts them in his pavilion on the beach with bread, mead, wine, meat, dried fruits, and all the good things of Egypt. The fleet sails back heavily freighted with the marvellous productions of the land of Pount, in charge of envoys from that country, who present them as tribute to the Queen of Egypt at a sacred festival held for the purpose at Thebes. There was great store of incense, precious gums and balsams, stibium, ebony and ivory, fine gold, costly woods of many kinds, greyhounds, dog-headed apes, baboons, sea-cats, panther skins, horns, and slaves. There were also thirty-one frankincense-trees in tubs, each a load for half a dozen men. The ceremony of the transplantation of these rare exotics into the palace gardens is especially noteworthy, as the earliest instance of the kind on record. It should be mentioned that on this grand occasion Thothmes, who is expressly called king, with his name inscribed in a royal oval, has the honour of offering a gift of the best incense to the sacred barge of the god Amen, which is borne on the shoulders of the priests in the solemn procession. We see that by this time he had grown too strong to be shouldered aside on such an occasion. The long eclipse to which his usurping sister had doomed him was well-nigh over.

Unfortunately, the Der-el-Bahri frescoes are not dated, and to nearly all the other monuments in which her royal rings are seen side by side with those of her royal brother the same remark applies. A stela, of the kind in the Sinaitic peninsula, bears date in her sixteenth year. Hence she must at least thus early have owned his claim to a certain measure of independence. Yet she did not deign to mention him in the inscriptions on the pair of gilded obelisks, about 100 feet high, which she set up in the same year in front of the pylon of Thothmes I, one of which is still standing at Karnak. In like manner he utterly ignores her in the legends of his Heliopolitan pair, although there is good reason to believe that both pairs were set up, not only in the same year, but on one and the same day, namely, the first of the eleven intercalation festivals of the thirty-year cycle, which is said in both instances to have been the occasion of the erection. The date answers to the 28th August, B.C. 1502. These facts prove that without coming to an open breach there was yet no love lost between them, whilst Pliny's testimony that he was King of Heliopolis, a title which he actually bears on the Needles reared by him there, seems to

point to some sort of administrative division of the double Egyptian realm into Upper and Lower, as in the case of the Roman Emperors of East and West. Whether this uncomfortable state of things lasted down to, or even beyond, the time of his starting on his Syrian wars, there is unfortunately no monumental evidence to show. Meanwhile, however, a critical study of the Manethonian tradition points to her having outreigned her husband twenty-four (for twenty-one) years and a month, which, added to the twenty-nine (for twenty-five) years and ten months of her surviving brother's sole reign in the Greek text, gives a total of fifty-three years and eleven months, to answer to the fifty-three years ten months and twenty-six days assigned to Thothmes III in the contemporary hieroglyphical inscription. His absolute silence as to her in his Annals would not by any means necessarily negative the supposition that she was still on the Theban throne when he was fighting, under some sort of pact with her, his first two or three campaigns. For the Annals were not engraved until long after most of the events recorded in them, whilst, on the other hand, his ruthless and wholesale mutilations of her monuments after she was out of the way show how little generosity his usurping sister's fame was likely to receive at his hands.

His first campaign is described in more detail than any half dozen of the rest put together. Like nearly all the others, it was against the Upper Lutunu, or Southern Syrians, 119 of whose towns and cities are enumerated on a Karnak pylon as having been subjugated by the Pharaoh in his maiden expedition. For all his wars on all sides of Egypt the list names twelve hundred foreign tributary places. In the Bible, Lotan is a son of Mount Seir (Gen. xxxvi. 20), and to the Syrian river Litani, the Leontes of the classical geographers, the old ethnical name sticks to this day. Including the Lower Lutunu, or Northern Syrians, of the hieroglyphical inscriptions, the general appellation answers pretty well to the Biblical Aram, which comprehended Aram Naharain, or Mesopotamia. The Pharaoh started from Zalu—Tanis-Avaris (the Biblical Zoan), or some other fortress on Egypt's north-eastern frontier—at the end of the month Pharmuthi, in his twenty-second year, say April, B.C. 1494. He is next found at Sharuhem, a town in the tribe of Simeon (Josh. xix. 6). With his arrival at Gaza, in the Philistine country, on the 4th of the next month, Pachom, which day, the inscription says, was the anniversary of his accession, the regnal year accordingly changes to his 23rd. The day following he pushes forward with his mighty host, and on the sixteenth of the same month is at the unidentified city of Juhem. Tidings reach him here that the King of Kadesh, on the Syrian river Orontes, has gathered round him the kings of all the nations from the border stream of Egypt to the Euphrates, and has resolved to await the Pharaoh at Megiddo. Accordingly a council of war is at once held, and the Pharaoh's line of march chosen. It passed by Ajalon of the Bible, where the Egyptians encamped on the 19th, and by Taanach to Megiddo, where, early on the morning of the 21st, the festival of the new moon, and the anniversary of the Pharaoh's coronation, the decisive battle which shattered the Syrian League, and in the end made Thothmes Lord of Western Asia, was fought. Urging his richly carved and gilded chariot against the swarms of his foes, like the god Horus,

the Mighty Striker, as he says, and like Mentu, the Theban Mars, he struck them with panic at once. Abandoning to the spoilers their jammed chariots, the work of cunning Cyprian artificers, and glittering with gold and silver, they took to their feet, not resting till they were drawn up by their clothes into the city, whose king and his suzerain, the King of Kadesh, are specially singled out as having been amongst those who thus narrowly and ignominiously escaped.

The Egyptian warriors, but for their greed of booty, would have taken Megiddo that very day. As it was, Thothmes had to reduce it by blockade. The battlemented fortress which he built over against it for this purpose he named after himself, "Mesphra, who has captured the plain of the Sati (Asiatics.)" It is the great Plain of Jezreel, or Esdraelon. In like manner the Pharaoh named a city which he built in the Lebanon country, near the Phoenician cities Semyra and Aradus, to secure these and other conquests made in his first campaign, "Mesphra, who has bridled the land of the foreigner." It was from this latter city that he started on his return to Egypt, to make his triumphal entry into Thebes and to give thanks to his god, Amen-Ra. Three South Palestinian fortresses, Jenysus, Jamnia, and Rhinocolura, formed part of the god's share of the fruits of the campaign. By this single gift the Pharaoh dedicated to the temple 2,503 prisoners of war, including thirty-nine of noble birth, five lords, and eighty-seven royal children. Amongst the other spoil of this tripolis thus consecrated to the Theban divinity, are mentioned ninety-seven swords; 1,784 Egyptian pounds (say, 5,204 ounces, troy) in gold rings; 966 pounds of silver rings; two statues of the conquered king, the head of each in gold; six of his ivory and cedar thrones, with their footstools; six large cedar tables, inlaid with gold and gems; his solid gold sceptre, and many changes of raiment. The Annals of Thothmes the Great bristle throughout with such statistics, whose importance in illustrating the high civilisation of the peoples against which he warred can hardly be overrated. There are, however, serious blanks in these records. For instance, the Pharaoh's second, third, and fourth campaigns are entirely missing. His fifth, in which he seems to have fought against Danaba in the Palmyrene country, and against South Phoenicia, is dated in his twenty-ninth year. An Arabian expedition in his twenty-fifth year is recorded in an isolated inscription found in that country. It was remarkable as being the occasion of his beginning a collection of rare plants and animals, as though in emulation of his usurping sister. To which of the missing intermediate campaigns this fragment of his history belongs is not known. In his sixth campaign, which is dated in his thirtieth year, he laid waste Kadesh, the capital of the Lutana, for having revolted from his allegiance, and punished in like manner Aradus and Semyra, which had followed its example. To assure their future loyalty, the Syrian princes were forced to give their sons and brothers as hostages to the Pharaoh, and to pay tribute in slaves, horses, chariots inlaid with the precious metals, silver vases, iron, lead, armour, and rare plants.

But the Syrian wars raged, notwithstanding all such precaution, ten or a dozen years longer, and spread from the Orontes to the Euphrates—if not to the Tigris. At all events, the Assyrian king took part in them, and is expressly mentioned amongst the defeated and tributary monarchs. The epitaph of

Amenemheb, who fought in these campaigns, speaks of the Pharaoh having hunted 120 elephants near a place which has been sometimes identified with Nineveh. But the true reading is Ni, which the Karnak geographical lists assign to the Lower Lutana, and accordingly in the tomb of Rekhmaran, a comrade of Amenemheb, a wall-painting shows an elephant, as well as the cinnamon-coloured Syrian bear of the Taurus range, amongst the tributes paid to Thothmes by the Lutana. On the Atmeidan obelisk at Constantinople, our Pharaoh speaks of his conquest of Mesopotamia, as he would most undoubtedly have done on our Needles also had they not been set up before he started on his wars. Besides the homage paid him by Assyria and Mesopotamia, his northern triumphs brought him tributes from Babylon, Singara, Cyprus, and other Mediterranean isles. In no southern wars is he known to have been personally engaged. But the tributes paid him by Nubia and Ethiopia are pretty regularly named under the several years included in his extant "Annals," and it is certain that his sway in that direction reached beyond the Blue Nile. Hence it is by no mere flight of imagination that Brugsch-Bey has recognised in the Pharaoh of our obelisk Egypt's Alexander the Great.

Exiled.



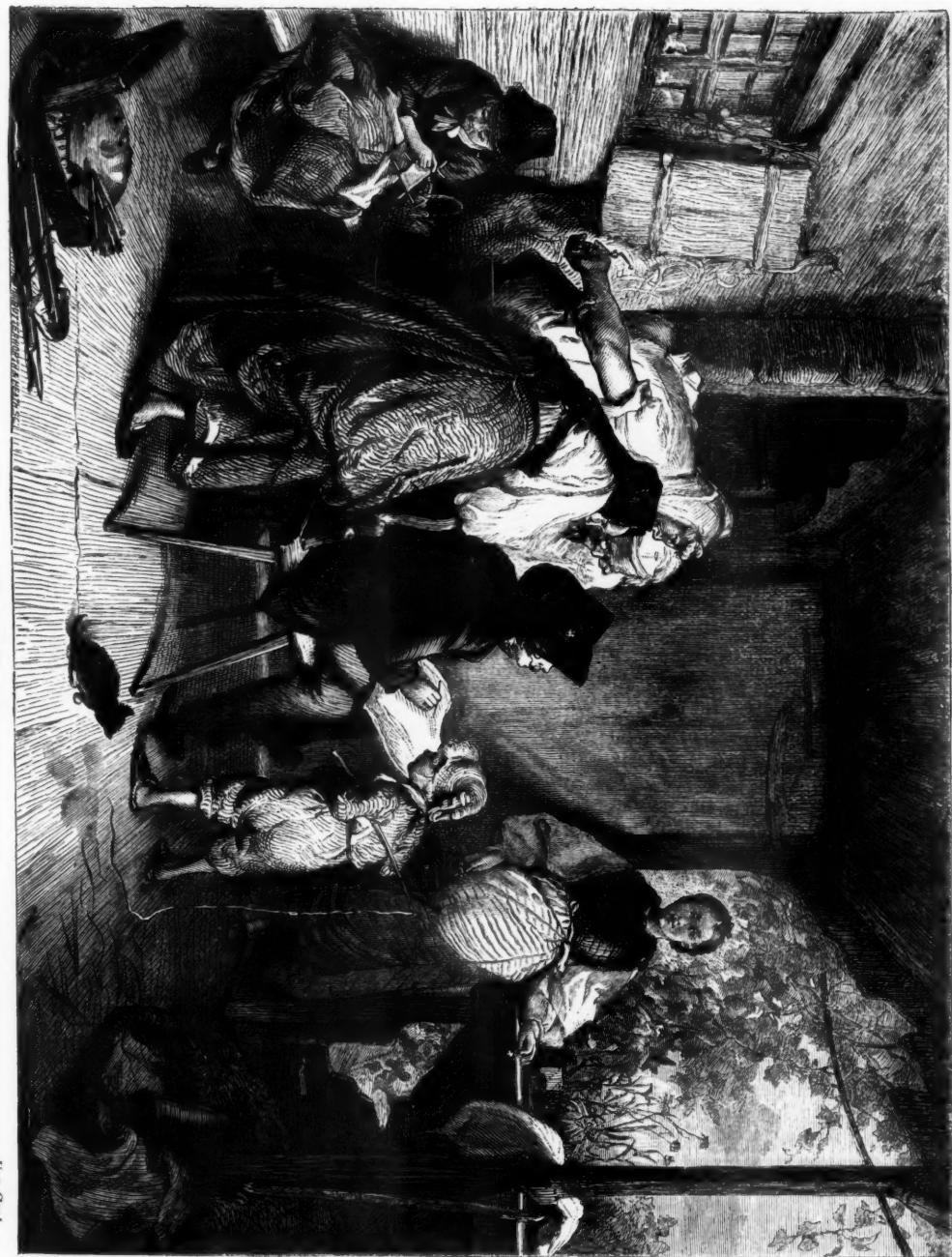
Do you remember our home-woods in spring,
Where we walked long ago?
Ah! little things come back to me, and bring
Yearnings that none may know!
Felled on the margin of a weeded fosse,
An old oak-giant lay;
We stripped him of his robe of furry moss,
And bare our spoil away!

Upon the stream, in summer brown and clear,
Our boat would glide along;
Or we would pause among the reeds to hear
The small sedge-warbler's song:
Tell me,—have days, or months, or years gone by,
Since we were hand in hand?
My dream is clearer than reality,
Here, in a foreign land.

Far clearer than these wide Australian plains,
And strange, gigantic trees,
Are visions of our hawthorn-scented lanes,
And cowslip-sprinkled leas!
And yet my God must choose my lot for me,
Both now and evermore;
Perchance the place where I desire to be
Has lost the charm it bore.

There may be voids where happy faces smiled,
Silence, where songs were sweet;
And graves, with flowers and mosses thickly piled,
For eager eyes to meet.
Far better, then, that I should tarry here,
(No cumberer of the ground,)
Until He calls me to that wider sphere,
Where all lost homes are found.

SARAH DOUDNEY.



A SKETCHING TOUR.

J. A. Grob.



THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM:

AN IRISH SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PROLOGUE.

IN 1844 our honoured and beloved friend, Thomas Hood, was editing a magazine. Unhappily, it was "Hood's Own," and, of course, yielded him nothing—to soothe or lessen the mental and physical sufferings he endured. He was dying. He died in 1845, not absolutely needing necessaries, indeed, but his means were grievously limited to procure luxuries that are almost necessities to the sick. He had many friends, however, who rallied round his death-bed; and to that death-bed came the letter from Sir Robert Peel that conveyed to him one of the Crown pensions. Ah! these Crown pensions have comforted in their decline many labourers in the fields of literature, those that have been fertile as well as those that were barren of harvest.*

Naturally he was anxious about his magazine. Not one of his fellow-workers could have declined the entreaty to write, were it only to relieve him from anxiety. To me the application was an honour. For my contribution he forwarded to me a cheque. I need hardly say it was returned to him, and in its stead he sent me an engraved portrait of himself, "with love from Thomas Hood." It is before me as I now write; I shall value it as long as I live as one of my chiefest treasures of the long past.

I will offer no apology for reprinting the sketch, or story, I contributed in 1844 to "Hood's Magazine," which can be within the reach of few readers in the present day. Perhaps of all I ever wrote it is that which I would least willingly let die.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

James O'Leary was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin, yet he modestly designated it his "small college," and his pupils "his thrife of boys." O'Leary never considered the "Vulgarians"—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; he began his school catalogue with "the Vargils," but was so decidedly proud of "the Ho-

marians" that he often regretted he had no opportunity of "taking the shine out of them ignorant chaps up at Dublin College" by a display of his "Gracians"—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue, whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and who yet, poor fellows, were as proud of their Greek and as fond of capping Latin verses as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A B C; that he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the sex. James looked with contempt on the system adopted by National Schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be based, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in that opinion so frequently by saying in various languages what they had not understood if spoken in the vernacular, that when a National School was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to "bother the boord." This threw James into a state of such excitement that he could hardly restrain himself; and, indeed, his wife does not hesitate to say that he has never been "right" since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the National Schools as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having had an opportunity of "flooring the boord."

James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant scholars, of whose merits he was so bright an example. For a long time his "college" was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from "the Master," and the attention and tenderness of a mother from "the Mistress."

* This passage from his letter (the last he ever wrote) to Sir Robert Peel cannot be too often printed:—

"Thank God my mind is composed, and my reason undisturbed; but my race as an author is run; my physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share; a one-sided humanity, opposite to that catholic Shakesperian sympathy which felt with king as well as peasant, duly estimating the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be the duty of our writers to draw them together by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor—hate on the one side and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task—the last I had set myself. It is death, you see, that stops my pen, and not my pension. God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country."

The generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers who boarded in his neighbourhood, and paid largely for the "classics and all accomplishments."

James found this very profitable. In due time he slatted his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnacle" on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other the celestial globe. He paved the little courtyard with the multiplication table in black and white stones, and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geomatrical principles," the interior of which was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of "information." If pupils came before, they "rained on him" after his "Tusculum" was finished, and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which—such was the inveteracy of old habits—always stood open for want of a latch. But somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces, and continually snubbed a first-rate "Gracian," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself, "Why should he do good, and bother himself so much about those who did no good to him?"

He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself, that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stirabout, gruel, or a "sup of broth"—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the "Gracian," who had been unwell for some days—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit still at the wheel now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific—which signifies an inclination to repose?"

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby, he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him. The place where he lodges has no conveyniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of; so I'll sit down at onst."

"Then why don't you sit down at onst? Why do you sit, wasting your time, to say nothing of the sweet milk and the—" he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things, for one who does no good to us?"

"No good to us!" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear? Why it's for Aby, the—what is it you called him?—Aby Gradus—no; Aby the Gracian, your top boy that used to be; he that his old grandmother—he had no other kith or kin—walked ten miles just to see him stand at the head of his class that she might die with an asy heart. It's for him, it is—"

"Well," replied the master, "I know that, I know it's for him; and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould, but advancing to the ragion of middle life—past its meridian, indeed, and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby—"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ay, indeed, Mary; we must come to a period—a full stop, I mane—and—" he drew a deep breath, then added, "and—*take no more poor scholars!*"

"Oh, James! don't say the likes o' that," said the gentle-hearted woman; "don't; a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him. I never miss the bit I give them, my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in."

"Still we must—take care—of ourselves, woman, dear!" replied James, with a dogged look.

Why such a look should be called "dogged" I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate or given to it. But he put on the sort of look so called, and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple-potato, and, beckoning a neighbour's child, who was hopping over the multiplication table in the little courtyard, desired her to run for her life with the jug while it was hot to the house where Aby stopped that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late—I'm sure he got you a dale of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him."

"Oh, don't say that! sure, the blessing is a fine thing, and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a grate wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset, handful by handful, it wastes away, but your brains hould out better than the meal; take ever so much away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, agra!" answered her husband, but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

"And that's one rason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it," she continued; "it does them good, and it does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good humour before she intimated her object.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear."

"The ancients valued the colour highly," he answered.

"Think of that now! and a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second shute of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you tould me you set off poor scholaring yerself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second suit of clothes*."

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper, for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had hardened her husband.

"Just six months of your taching to make a man of him, that's all."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The thrifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to ate, without paying anything to a *strong* (rich) man like yerself, James O'Leary; only just the ase and contintment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be afferther doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian."

"Mary," replied the schoolmaster, in a slow and decided tone, "*that's all botheration!*"

Mary gave a start; she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary, looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone. Under the impression that he was bewitched, Mary crossed herself; but still he sat there, looking, as she afterwards declared, "like nothing."

"Spake again!" she exclaimed, "man alive! and tell us, is it yerself that's in it?"

James laughed—not joyously or humorously, but a little dry, half-starved laugh, lean and hungry, a niggardly laugh—but before he had time to reply the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I tould you of," said Mary. "Come in, my bouchal; the master himself's in it, now, and will talk to you, dear."

The boy advanced his slight delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down, but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore.

"What do you know?"

He said, "He knew English and Voster,* a trifle of algebra, and Latin, and the Greek letters. He hoped to be a priest in time—and should be," he added, confidently, "if his honour would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin, and let him pick up as much as he could."

"And what," inquired O'Leary, "will you give me in return?"

"I have but little, sir," replied the boy, "for my mother has six of us, paying to one whose face we never see a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father's in heaven, my eldest sister a cripple, and but for the kindness of the neighbours and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and above all the blessing of God, which never laves us, we might turn out upon the road and beg."

"But all that is nothing to me," said O'Leary, very coldly.

"I know that, sir," answered the boy—yet he looked as if he did *not* know it; "though your name's up in the country for kindness as well as learning; but I was coming to it. I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings, besides five which the priest warned me to keep when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking, if yer honour would take ten out of the

eighteen for a quarter or so—I know I can't pay yer honour as I ought, only just for the love of mercy—and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, his reverence said I'd be no disgrace to you."

"Just let me see what ye've got," said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waist-coat the remnant of a cotton nightcap and held it towards the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

"Put it up, child," she said, "the masther doesn't want it; he only had a mind to see if it was safe." Then, aside to her husband, "Let fall ye'r hand, James; it's the devil that's under ye'r elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook. Is it the thin shillings of a widow's son you'd be afferther taking? It's not yerself that's in it at all." Then to the boy, "Put it up, dear, and come in the morning."

But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting—the "thin shillings," as Mary called them—and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none, and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that "the Lord above would rise him up some friend who would give him, a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on." Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that at least for that night he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and, perhaps, give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the "great master;" while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the "thin shillings," strode towards a well-heaped hoard to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself into something "not right."

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He did not care to encounter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but, despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself, and no matter whether he looked over problems or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale gentle face of the poor scholar whom he had "fleeced" to the uttermost.

"Mary," he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, "there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they purtended."

"Was that the way with yerself, avick?" she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep, nor, when he did, did he sleep very soundly, but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner—so much so that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying for him as hard and fast as she could. She prayed to the Almighty and Allmerciful, though in a way that better-taught people might not approve—that is to say, with her beads in her hand.

She believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil and slept soundly; but Mary went

* Voster's Arithmetic.

on praying. He was accounted what was called the steadiest hand at prayers in the country, but on this particular night she prayed on without stopping until the grey cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours, for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water, cross, and cup, James gave a groan and a start and called her.

"Give me your hand," he said, "that I may know it's yours that's in it."

Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. "It's quite in ainstress I am, dear, and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's nightcap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day brakes intirely go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of teaching them; for I've had a DRAINE, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning. There, praise the holy saints, is a streak of daylight! Now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me.

"I suppose it's dead I was first, but anyhow I thought I was floating about in a dark space, and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down—I could not rise. As I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes. One of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me. And, after all, what was it but a Homer, and I thought maybe it would help me up, but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke. Then came a grate white-faced owl, with red bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough; and globes and inkhorns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes, into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there and making game of me as they passed. Oh! I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"May be so," replied Mary, "particularly as they wouldn't let you correct the bad Latin, dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, after a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me, and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapour and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on, going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a bohreens at either side, leading towards a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill, and having got over it I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw was the brightness above me the brightest. And the more I looked at it the brighter it grew, and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes; and something

whispered me that that was Heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees and asked how I was to get there; for, mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or, to spake more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no ways joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there? Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars—those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy, blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"Oh, yah mulla! think of ttha, now, my poor Aby; didn't I know the good, pure drop was in him!" interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy place, masther dear," they said, "is for you to make a ladder of us."

"Is it a ladder of the—"

"Whisht, will ye," interrupted the master. "'We are the stairs,' said they, 'that will lead you to that happy mansion; all your learning, of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same—all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, masther, jewel, we are *your charities*; seven of us poor boys, through your manes, learned their duty—seven of us!—and upon us, by the grace of God, you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy for ever.'*

"I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step ladder* of the seven holy creatures, who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now, but, as they bent, I stept, first on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but anyhow, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting. I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel I'd have gone—I don't know where—he held me fast. 'Oh, the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me aither all,' I said. 'Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half-way aither all?'

"Sure there must be more of us to help you," makes answer Paddy Blake. 'Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you,' says Abel, 'and unless you hardened your heart it isn't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never contint, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished? Oh, then, if you did, masther,' said the poor fellow, 'if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you!'

"Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came over me last night, and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to, and every niggard thought was like a sticking-up dagger in my heart, and I looked at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart; and just then I woke. I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning."

* "The Schoolmaster's Dream" illustrates in its form the influence of the plausibly false teaching by which the Irish are led. There is no ladder of good deeds that can reach heaven; the devout feeling of the peasantry needs better guiding.—*Ed. L. H.*

Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bedside weeping—tears of joy they were. She felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. “And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We’ll have the poor scholars to breakfast; and, darling, you’ll look out for more of them. And, oh! but my heart’s as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my BLESSED DRAME.”

LIFE ON THE RAFT IN RUSSIA.

THE transport of timber is one of the principal articles of internal commerce in Russia, and a source of considerable income.

The great felling districts are in the north, and are situated near large streams, such as the Onega, the Dwina, and their tributaries. The red pine and the larch (woods used largely for deals) are the sorts here obtained, but a stringent law has been passed forbidding the cutting down of trees too near the water’s edge. The best trees for felling are those of about twenty-six feet in height, of a straight stem that grows up a considerable way without shooting out branches, and of about fifteen inches in diameter. The law allows trees to be cut at about twenty-eight inches from the root.

They are felled in the winter time, trimmed, and then dragged by horses to the bank of one of the tributary streams. Here the appointed receiver examines and marks them so that there may be no difficulty afterwards in recognising the property. At last the long winter passes, the sun regains its power, the soft winds blow, the ice in the rivers breaks up. A part travels down towards the sea, while the rest melts where it breaks; and once more the glistening river lies bathed in light, and lures to its embrace the precious freights about to be entrusted to it.

The next stage is curious enough. The timber is consigned to the care of a man called a “Splavchik,” literally a “Swimmer down.” He it is who superintends the throwing of the larch and pine stems into the water, and while they slowly glide down with the current he goes along the river side, guiding the timber and keeping it from being stopped by any obstacle in the way; nor does he hesitate to leap from the shore upon the logs, if thus he can steer them better. Lightly as a bird he jumps from one to another, guiding and pushing; sometimes swimming, sometimes wading; and so much at home is he in this apparently dangerous work, that he will run to the end of a tree in deep water till he tips it fairly up, then balancing himself a moment on the horizontal stem, he plunges forward again, swimming and leaping after his floating charge.

In this fashion the point is reached where the tributary merges into the great river. Here the logs are all collected, and rafts are made by fastening them securely together with the lithe branches of the willow. Then a kind of gigantic oar is rudely shaped out of a whole tree; this is the sole steering apparatus, and four of these are provided for each raft.

One raft is called the “Kazionka,” the Governing one, or Leader, and this exercises a sort of despotic rule over the rest, while it takes the responsibility from them and affords them its protection.

Built upon it is a wooden hut inhabited by the head man in charge of the floating company. The cooking for all is done here, though the stove and kitchen utensils are of the simplest and most primitive kind. A box of sand answers the purpose of a stove in which to burn the fuel. Upon this a fire of sticks is made, over which, supported by a tripod, hangs the pot which boils the water for the indispensable tea, and in which is cooked the sour cabbage soup and the various other savoury messes in which the Russian delights, nor always without reason, as we can testify, who have often eaten with relish some of the coarser food of the lower classes.

The raft voyagers stop and buy provisions at the villages to which they come. Their food is not hard to obtain, for black bread is the universal staff of life in Russia, and eggs, sour cabbage, and curds may also be obtained in abundance.

When the leader of the rafts wishes to stop his rude vessel he lets a man leap or swim to shore, where he runs on a little way and takes one coil of a rope round the trunk of a strong young tree; this checks the impetus, and the unwieldy craft is soon safely moored.

But the voyage of the rafts is not unattended with danger. In many places the currents are swift and subtle, and sometimes while steering through difficult parts, or when overtaken by storms, or in endeavouring to shoot rapids, brave lives are lost; while at best the voyages are tedious and tiresome in the extreme. Yet the men whose business it is to conduct and accompany the rafts become more and more attached to their work, and ever increasingly indifferent to its hardships and risks.

It may not be amiss to give here the story of a curious escape and flight by means of one of these rafts, and with it we will conclude our brief sketch.

Tatiana Ivanovna, a village maiden about seventeen years old, had been married to a young man chosen for her by her parents, and for a wonder the choice also of her own heart. But after a few weeks of married life the young couple separated, Matvei Karlovitch going to St. Petersburg to obtain a situation there as coachman, and poor little Tatiana remaining behind, as was customary, in her father-in-law’s house, where she was kept hard at work, and where her strength and temper were tried to the utmost. She bore it all very patiently for a year, then her high spirit rebelled against being treated like a mere machine, and her warm young heart turned with longing towards her husband, who had sent her letters from time to time, telling her of his welfare and assuring her of his love and wish that she could be with him. At last she summoned up courage and entreated her parents-in-law to give her her passport and let her go to St. Petersburg to join her husband; but they were selfishly sensible of the girl’s value and of the amount she contributed by her work to the family purse, and they roughly refused her petition.

Hitherto Tatiana had been perfectly obedient, and had submitted to everything that had been put upon her; but now she felt as if she owed nothing to people who were so selfish and unreasonable, and she resolved to meet their opposition with stratagem, and somehow or other to win her way to St. Petersburg, where, with her husband, she knew she should be safe and happy.

The spring had come, and by the river-side, not many versts from the spot where the village stood,

numbers of felled trees were lying, waiting to be launched on their long voyage by the Splavtchik.

Now Tatiana had a cousin who was a raftman, and in her distress the girl applied to him for advice and help. He was a kind-hearted fellow, and undertook to aid her in her escape, if she could manage to secure her passport. By dint of care and vigilance, she at last discovered the hiding-place of the coveted treasure, without which her journey must be a vain attempt. Meanwhile, her cousin, whose name was Michael Wassilitch, had busied himself on her behalf, and had applied for permission to be accompanied on the next voyage by a young friend of his who was willing to give such services as she could render, in exchange for being conveyed to St. Petersburg, for which city the expedition was destined.

Some objections were raised, but Michael was a favourite with the captain of the "Kazionka," and a present, securing both acquiescence and secrecy, made the path tolerably smooth and easy, and not one of little Tatiana's relations had the remotest suspicion of her intentions.

While it was still dark one morning, the girl rose, secured her passport (the hiding-place of which she had previously discovered), wrapped up in a small bundle a few clothes and the little articles of value that she possessed, and quietly left the house of her father-in-law and made her way down to the place where the loose wood had been safely conveyed by the Splavtchik, and now, made into rafts, was ready for the final start. She was warmly received by her cousin, and introduced to her fellow-voyagers, who admired the pluck of the girl who was willing to share their risk and hardships; and by the time the sun had risen that morning, the young wife was on her way down the rapid stream which was to bear her to her husband.

It would take too long to follow Tatiana in her voyage, which lasted over two months. We will only add that she reached the capital in safety, and found Matvei, whose surprise at seeing her was only surpassed by his delight, while he vowed that nothing but death should ever part them again. When I last heard of this young couple they were living together in health and comfort.

M. E. R.

A CURIOUS PETITION.

THE late M. Bastiat, in discussing questions of Political Economy, was as polished in style as he was strong in argument. In exposing the "Sophisms of Protection" he was always clear in separating the interests of producers and consumers. "Protection to native industry" might be a very good cry for a class, but not for the French nation. Even the largest class of producers—farmers or the agricultural class—could not expect to be favoured at the expense of the whole population. M. Bastiat pleaded the cause of the consumers, or in other words, the people, by publishing the following:

PETITION FROM THE MANUFACTURERS OF CANDLES, WAX-LIGHTS, LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, REFLECTORS, SNUFFERS, EXTINGUISHERS; AND FROM THE PRODUCERS OF TALLOW, OIL, RESIN, ALCOHOL, AND GENERALLY OF EVERYTHING USED FOR LIGHTS.

To the Honourable the Members of the Chamber of Deputies:

GENTLEMEN,— You are in the right way: you reject abstract theories; abundance, cheapness, con-

cerns you little. You are entirely occupied with the interest of the producer, whom you are anxious to free from foreign competition. In a word, you wish to secure the *national market to national labour*.

We come now to offer you an admirable opportunity for the application of your — what shall we say? your theory? no, nothing is more deceiving than theory;—your doctrine? your system? your principle? But you do not like doctrines; you hold systems in horror; and, as for principles, you declare that there are no such things in political economy. We will say then your practice; your practice without theory, and without principle.

We are subjected to the intolerable competition of a foreign rival, who enjoys, it would seem, such superior facilities for the production of light, that he is enabled to *inundate our national market* at so exceedingly reduced a price, that, the moment he makes his appearance, he draws off all custom from us; and thus an important branch of French industry, with all its innumerable ramifications, is suddenly reduced to a state of complete stagnation. This rival, who is no other than the sun, carries on so bitter a war against us, that we have every reason to believe that he has been excited to this course by our perfidious neighbour, England. (Good diplomacy this, for the present time!) In this belief we are confirmed by the fact that in all his transactions with this proud island, he is much more moderate and careful than with us.

Our petition is, that it would please your honourable body to pass a law whereby shall be directed the shutting up of all windows, dormers, sky-lights, shutters, curtains, coil-de-boeufs, in a word, all openings, holes, chinks, and fissures through which the light of the sun is used to penetrate into our dwellings, to the prejudice of the profitable manufactures which we flatter ourselves we have been enabled to bestow upon the country; which cannot, therefore, without ingratitude, leave us now to struggle unprotected through so unequal a contest.

We pray your honourable body not to mistake our petition for a satire, nor to repulse us without at least hearing what we have to advance in its favour.

And first, if, by shutting out as much as possible all access to natural light, you thus create the necessity for artificial light, is there in France an industrial pursuit which will not, through some connection with this important object, be benefited by it?

If more tallow be consumed, there will arise a necessity for an increase of cattle and sheep. Thus artificial meadows must be in greater demand; and meat, wool, leather, and above all, manure, this basis of agricultural riches, must become more abundant.

If more oil be consumed, it will cause an increase in the cultivation of the olive-tree. This plant, luxuriant and exhausting to the soil, will come in good time to profit by the increased fertility which the raising of cattle will bring to our fields.

Our heaths will become covered with resinous trees. Numerous swarms of bees will gather upon our mountains the perfumed treasures which are now cast upon the winds, useless as the blossoms from which they emanate. There is, in short, no branch of agriculture which would not be greatly developed by the granting of our petition.

Navigation would equally profit. Thousands of vessels would soon be employed in the whale fisheries, and thence would arise a navy capable of sustaining

the honour of France, and of responding to the patriotic sentiments of the undersigned petitioners, candle merchants, etc.

But what words can express the magnificence which *Paris* will then exhibit! Cast an eye upon the future and behold the gildings, the bronzes, the magnificent crystal chandeliers, lamps, reflectors, and candelabras, which will glitter in the spacious stores, compared with which the splendour of the present day will appear trifling and insignificant.

There is none, not even the poor manufacturer of resin in the midst of his pine forests, nor the miserable miner in his dark dwelling, but who would enjoy an increase of salary and of comforts.

Gentlemen, if you will be pleased to reflect, you cannot fail to be convinced that there is perhaps not one Frenchman, from the opulent stockholder down to the poorest vendor of matches, who is not interested in the success of our petition.

We foresee your objections, gentlemen; but there is not one that you can oppose to us which you will not be obliged to gather from the works of the partisans of free trade. We dare challenge you to pronounce one word against our petition which is not equally opposed to your own practice and the principle which guides your policy.

Do you tell us, that if we gain by this protection, France will not gain, because the consumer must pay the price of it?

We answer you:

You have no longer any right to cite the interest of the consumer. For whenever this has been found to compete with that of the producer, you have invariably sacrificed the first. You have done this to encourage labour, to increase the demand for labour. The same reason should now induce you to act in the same manner.

You have yourselves already answered the objection. When you were told: The consumer is interested in the free introduction of iron, coal, corn, wheat, cloths, etc., your answer was: Yes, but the producer is interested in their exclusion. Thus, also, if the consumer is interested in the admission of light, we, the producers, pray for its interdiction.

You have also said, the producer and the consumer are one. If the manufacturer gains by protection, he will cause the agriculturist to gain also; if agriculture prospers, it opens a market for manufactured goods. Thus we, if you confer upon us the monopoly of furnishing light during the day, will as a first consequence buy large quantities of tallow, coals, oil, resin, wax, alcohol, silver, iron, bronze, crystal, for the supply of our business; and then we and our numerous contractors having become rich, our consumption will be great, and will become a means of contributing to the comfort and competency of the workers in every branch of national labour.

Varieties.

AN IRISH TENANT.—A land case decided by Judge Lawson is noteworthy as illustrating the principal grievance of Irish tenants. It is a matter wholly apart from politics or religion, for it is not stated whether the landlord was Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant, but it is worthy of historical record as throwing light on the social condition and prospects of Ireland. Many years ago one Cornelius Mahony became the yearly tenant of a mountain tract or bog containing eighteen acres. For this land he paid a rent of £7 15s., which, although small, was

sufficient, in the opinion of the Judge, considering the condition of the farm. The tenant was an industrious and provident man, and set at once about cultivating and reclaiming his holding, until finally he got it into good heart. In 1869 the ownership of the land changed, and Mahony's rent was raised to £18—"a most enormous rent," says Judge Lawson; "for, according to all the facts before me, I don't think that, at any period during his occupancy, the real letting value of this farm was more than £14 or £15 in its best state." But the man struggled on, and paid his rent for ten years, at the end of which time the landlord put him out. It was within his right to do so, but it was equally the right of the tenant to claim whatever the Land Act allowed him as compensation. Compensation, however, was refused, and an action was brought in the Lower Court, where Mahony was awarded £66 8s. 1d., and on appeal Judge Lawson confirmed the judgment. It will be noticed that for ten years this tenant paid a rent equal to double the value of the farm in its original state. He had added at least £200 to its capital value. For years he paid interest on this value, created by his own labour and expenditure, and finally he was ejected. The Land Act of 1870 enabled him to recover £66 8s. 1d. But for that Act he would have been sent upon the world penniless, probably driven as a pauper to the workhouse, or if helped to emigrate, would have increased the anti-English temper of American Fenians.

FIGURES OF SPEECH IN PREACHING.—You see Miss Nina, what I's studdin' on, lately, is how to get dese yer' chil'en to Canaan; and I hears fus with one ear, and den with t'oder, but 'pears like a'n't clar 'bout it, yet. Dere's a heap about most everything else, and it's all very good; but 'pears like I a'n't clar arter all about dat ar. Dey says, "Come to Christ"; and I says, "What is he, any how? Bress you—I want to come! Dey talks 'bout going in de gate, and knocking at the de door, and 'bout marching on de road, and 'bout fighting and being soldiars of de cross: and de Lord knows, now, I'd be glad to get de chil'en through any gate; and I could take 'em on my back and travel all day, if dere was any road; and if dere was a door, if dey wouldn't hear old Tiff a rapping! I'spects de Lord would have for to open it—would so. But, arter all, when de preaching is done, dere don't 'pear to be nothing to it. Dere a'n't no gate, dere a'n't no door, nor no way; and dere a'n't no fighting, 'cept when Ben Dakin and Jim Stokes get jawing about der dogs: and everybody comes back eating der dinner, quite com'fable, and 'pears like dere wan't no such thing dey's been preaching 'bout. Dat ar troubles me—does so 'cause I wants for to get dese yer' chil'en in de kingdom someway or other."—"Dred," by Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

CANON MILLER.—The Bishop of Rochester, in a funeral sermon in the parish church of Greenwich on the death of Canon Miller, spoke of his character as sufficiently defined in the single word "manliness." His strong face, his broad shoulders, his ample form, his stately head were all reproduced in a will that knew no vacillation, in an independence that brooked no interference, in a nature which was sufficiently endowed with the self-protection of a stern displeasure, and the dignity of a courage which feared neither friend nor foe. His lordship went on to speak of his value in council and on committees, of his facility at accounts, his shrewd business habits, his powers as a preacher, and his influence in Convocation. He was, in short, a "capable man" all round; and the Bishop mentioned that he had brought round the affairs of an insolvent bank at Birmingham, and that an eminent Judge had said that he would hardly have altered a word in his judgment in the Barnardo case, the labour of which inquiry had something to do with his illness.

BISHOP FRASER ON ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.—Thoughtful minds were beginning to inquire whether quality or quantity was best; whether it was preferable that a large surface should be slightly scratched or a smaller surface thoroughly cultivated. He did not desire to see the old curriculum materially changed; and, while admitting that in some respects it had been prudently widened, he feared there was danger of running to extremes by including too many and varied subjects in the educational programme. His American experience had convinced him of the prejudicial effects resulting from the introduction of multifarious subjects; how children quitted school with an almost useless smattering of many subjects, but with complete and accurate knowledge of none. Now that knowledge was advancing so rapidly, it was difficult to fix a limit, but the question would have to be fought out sooner or later, and the earlier it was decided the better. He trusted the education of English boys and girls would be concentrated on a few subjects, and not scattered over many.

T
was
she f
thoug
were
No